

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



UNEXPECTED VISITORS.

THE FORGED WILL.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN the stranger was fairly settled down in the humble dwelling of Mrs. Sparks, he seemed well pleased with his quarters. "He've been brought up hard, granny," said John: "that's how he's so contented."

"I don't believe it, John—he's the rale gentleman, only he've got the sense to come down to his means."

At this juncture their lodger appeared, and cut short the conference. He has been partially described. To finish the portrait, the reader must add to his penetrating

grey eyes, a mouth indicating great decision of character, a head finely formed, with hair changing to grey. In the vigour of his expression, carriage, and manner, you would read his age to be thirty; but the worn look of his cheek, his furrowed brow, and his changing hair, put many years on him: he might be forty, or forty-five. Leaning over the garden gate, with a paper in his hand, he nodded pleasantly to John, who was gardening, while his grandmother kept watch lest he should slip from his work. "This Parker's Due that you told me of," he said, "how shall I find it by walking?"

John and his granny having almost quarrelled about

the nearest way, gave him a direction at last, as plain as a Chinese puzzle.

"Bring me a jug of milk, Mrs. Sparks, and some of your good brown bread; I see I have a long walk before me, and must be fortified." Wouldn't he have some bacon, or wait for her to make a pan pudding with two or three eggs? No, he would not; he drank the milk, and, putting the bread in his knapsack, took his iron-ended staff, or spud, and was opening the gate, when two young ladies rode up, and dismounting, the younger, who was exceedingly handsome, threw the bridle, with an air of condescension, into his hands. The elder, less beautiful, but pleasant-looking, hesitated to follow her example, and regarded him inquiringly. Biddy Sparks came out, calling "John, John;" but John, reckoning on her having a longer talk with her lodger, and being tired of digging, had escaped to the "Brimble Arms."

"Oh, ladies, I'm never so sorry—please sir—I beg a hundred pardons, miss—couldn't I hold the horses, sir?—where can John be gone? You seen him here this minute, sir?"

Biddy knew well where he was gone, but did not hint at it, for fear of injuring his character before the ladies. The stranger, meantime, quietly tethered the horses securely to the strong fence, and, raising his cap to the young ladies, said to Biddy, "I will find your grandson, and send him; they will stand quite safely," looking at the horses, and then turned towards the inn, where he expected to see him.

Miss Brimble watched him out of sight; but her sister, Flora, scarcely allowed him to be beyond hearing before she asked who he was, adding, "I thought it was one of the farm people."

"He's my lodger, miss, and quite a gentleman, for all he's put up here," said Biddy. "Please walk in, ladies; the chickens are all alive, Miss Flora—I'm proud to say I haven't lost one: you'll please to come and look at them; and belike Miss Brimble will look at the beautiful pictures as Mr. Jobson have put up in the parlour."

"Beautiful indeed!" said Miss Brimble, standing before a rough water-colour drawing of an extensive country scene. "Oh, Flora, look! how exceedingly clever!" she exclaimed, and pointed out the merits of distance, colour, etc., etc. Flora had no doubt it was all true, but did not examine it with much interest. While Miss Brimble stood before it in silent admiration, she went with Biddy to visit her chickens, plying her with innumerable questions about her lodger.

"Jobson—what a name! poor old man! I daresay he's some map maker, or surveyor, or that kind of thing. And so he plays the flute? Why, how entertaining he must be! And you don't know where he came from, nor where he is going, nor what he wants here, nor how long he's going to stay? Well, if he had but a better name, he would be delightfully mysterious; but Jobson, and Matthew Jobson, too—there's no harmonizing that with mystery."

Miss Brimble had well surveyed, not only the drawing described, but several others—some unintelligible to a common eye, from their roughness—and seemed disinclined to leave them, when Flora returned from her visit to her pet chickens. As they rode through the long narrow lane that formed with its overhanging boughs an avenue, almost private to the Hall, Flora upbraided her sister with not having visited her pets—"the sweetest little creatures in the world," she said.

"Who can this person be?" said Miss Brimble, musingly, and not noticing her sister's reproaches.

"Oh, some poor, old, broken-down artist—or—or—but

what does it signify? I do believe, Charity, you are more interested in him than in my little darlings."

"I wish," said Miss Brimble, "I had asked more questions of Biddy about him."

"Don't be unhappy," said Flora: "I asked every conceivable question, while you were looking at those things on the wall. His name is Matthew Jobson; he gets up at some unearthly hour—four or five—after sleeping on a mat on the floor, miserable man, with his window open; when the milk comes in, he drinks one long draught, and eats brown bread, and that's his breakfast; then he shuts himself up in the parlour, and makes those smudges and scratches—I should call them—but of course you know best; then he starts off with hard-boiled eggs and brown bread, and walks no one knows where, and doesn't return till evening, and finishes the day with a solo on the flute, and some more bread and milk. Well, stop—I haven't done; he is undoubtedly very poor, but very honest, for he pays his reckoning every evening, which makes Biddy afraid he won't stay very long. He gives John the best advice—he knows everything, and has been everywhere—there!"

"I wonder if he would give drawing lessons," said Charity.

"Not to me," said Flora; "not even to be able to do those wonderful things that you admire so, would I take lessons of such a sharp-looking old man."

"Old!" said Miss Brimble; "he's not old; I was quite struck with his appearance and manner; I believe he's a gentleman in reduced circumstances."

"Gentleman Jobson," said Flora.

"As for that, I think Jobson quite as good a name as Brimble."

"I admit it—how could it be worse? but please to remember, we are not *bonâ fide* Brimbles, as papa says: woe worth the day that turned us out of honourable 'De la Marks' into people so ignoble."

The ride ended, and the story of the stranger was soon told to the family. Squire Brimble, who was the essence of indulgent fathers, promised to see him, and ascertain if Charity's wish could be accomplished.

Accordingly, the next morning he set off to Stony Gates to fulfil his promise. He found Mrs. Sparks at her wheel before the door, and the stranger leaning against the large walnut tree, sketching her. Mr. Brimble advanced with an air of easy kindness—"Mr. Jobson, I believe." The stranger, with a half-suppressed smile, returned his bow. "My name is Brimble; I live at yon old red house; my daughters were here yesterday, and had the pleasure of seeing a drawing of yours, which they admired exceedingly." Again the stranger bowed. "May I have the pleasure of seeing it?"

"By all means, if you will find it a pleasure;" and they entered the house together. Mr. Brimble walked to the largest drawing. He had no doubt Charity was right, and admired it in nearly the same terms in which she had praised it to him; but he wondered whether Flora might not be right—smudge and scratch.

"There's something very extraordinary in genius," he said: "it seems to make people forget the ordinary things of life; you, for instance, are so interested in your art, that I daresay you are insensible to half that you are exposed to in this queer place."

"Queer place!" said the stranger; "I wish genius may never fare worse. What can a man enjoy more than ease and sumptuous abundance?" and he seated himself carelessly on his portmanteau, while he pushed the only chair towards Mr. Brimble.

The squire answered with a chuckle. Biddy Sparks' lodger revelling in ease and sumptuous abundance! The

stranger smiled at his merriment, and said, "If you had passed through what some travellers have—I speak not of myself—you would call this accommodation fit for a prince."

The tone and manner which accompanied these words convinced Mr. Brimble that the person before him was no starved-out son of genius, that fed ill from an empty pocket; and as the conversation continued he became more and more impressed with the feeling that he was a gentleman who wanted no help, and moreover a man of highly gifted and cultivated mind. A thorough lover of ease in mind and body, Mr. Brimble enjoyed nothing more than amusement without the cost of exertion; he was quite elated at the idea of having found a pleasant companion in so near a neighbour, whose company could be enjoyed without the bondage of ceremony. On the other hand, the stranger, keen in the perception of character, had at a glance read that of his visitor: kindness and candour were its leading features; the effect was mutual satisfaction.

At last, being satisfied that the stranger was travelling merely for amusement, and lived as he did from preference, the squire said with a frank smile, as he proffered his snuff-box, "Well, now for the truth. I came here fancying that you were a poor genius, at your wit's end for money, and I intended asking you to give lessons to my daughter; but as I happen to be wrong in everything but the genius, instead of that, come and dine with us to-day: we shall be alone, I believe; but even then, we may hope to be as entertaining as Sparks and his granny."

The stranger smiled, but shook his head; he glanced at his dress. "I have no means of making a toilet here," he said, "and couldn't appear thus before ladies."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Brimble; "you are fit for court. Mrs. Brimble and my children are quite indifferent to such matters; you are an idle man, and you've no excuse. Walk down with me now, and make a long day of it." The stranger still declaring that he could not then accept his hospitality, added that he would gladly walk with him, and they left the house together.

"This avenue you see," said the squire, "amounts to a private road: none but our own people intrude on it; so that my daughters can ride or walk to their favourite haunts in the village and around it, without any fear of molestation, without the tediousness of an attendant. We are all for liberty; it is as much our delight as if we had been born birds of the air; anything like etiquette—when it is constraint—is our torment. Now you see that little pathway that opens into a very pretty little wood, where there are all sorts of rustic gimcracks put together to please the ladies, who, by the way, seldom go there—dove-house, hermitages, labyrinths, and so on. Over yonder hill lies the Dew, a fine old place going to ruin; the estate at one point joins mine, or would, but for a trout stream. Are you an angler? Capital! then we shall have some sport together. I preserve, or pretend to do; but I'm poached on most unmercifully, and can't help myself. There's the house—'Hall,' we call it—a good place enough; but before we go in, I must take you round my stables—I have just bought a hunter, high price—you shall judge him," etc., etc.

Thus Mr. Brimble talked; while the stranger, when his turn came, amused and interested the squire with his anecdotes of persons, places, and things. "Why, you've been everywhere!" he cried, "and know all the world. Here's my purchase," as they entered the stable; and he was soon listening with the deepest admiration to his companion's strictures on the hunter, and the peculiarities of the Arab and other horses; but when a suggestion was made as to an improvement in ventilating

the stables, the squire was rather nettled: he was sure nothing could be better than his own plan: he'd no doubt Mr. Jobson might be right as to stables of other climates; but, etc., etc., etc. And in much vehemence did he continue the argument, till he found himself walking under the windows of the room in which the ladies were accustomed to sit during the morning.

Suddenly stopping, and forgetting stables and all connected with them, he pointed to Charity, who was sitting at one of them, and said, "There's your pupil that was to have been. Let us go in. Mr. Jobson—Mrs. Brimble and my daughters. Ah, Miss Cruden! I didn't see your carriage. How's the doctor? My dear, Mr. Jobson is a friend of our old friend General Topham."

"Scarcely a friend," said the stranger, returning the salutation of the ladies with grave but frank courtesy.

"Well, well, you served with him somewhere, didn't you? or saw him, or something; I don't remember exactly what it was; we've been over so much ground, that I've forgotten half the things you told me."

The stranger gave a brief but interesting account of his last interview with the general, whom he incidentally described so graphically as to leave no doubt of his acquaintance with him. When this had come to an end, the squire seemed rather nervous lest the conversation should flag, and trotted out his new friend with the most scientific jockeyism, plying him with questions as to the Levant, America, and every place on which they had touched during their morning conversation.

The stranger seemed to suffer this tax upon his conversational powers, rather than to enjoy it; he saw Mr. Brimble's motive, which was to gain for him the favour of his family, and, appreciating his kindness, fell in with his wish. Charity and Flora exchanged glances: the former looked triumphant—she had been right in her conjecture. Flora listened to him for a little time, but very soon joined her mother and Miss Cruden, in the discussion of some new crochet patterns, giving only an occasional exclamation when any circumstance of particular interest was narrated. Mr. Jobson seemed equally ignorant of the indifference of the trio, and of the deep interest with which Charity listened to him. The squire was the centre of his notice, and he was evidently pleased with the gratification he was affording him. Dame Sparks' criticism, that he knew everything, seemed nearer the truth than such criticisms generally are.

At the luncheon, of which he could not with courtesy refuse to partake, he delighted the Squire by giving him the history of almost every known wine, and charmed the ladies, one and all, with descriptions of foreign fruits and flowers. Every object suggested some fresh ground on which to display his boundless information, and the ease with which the remarks passed from topic to topic, and the perfect simplicity of his manner, so free from conceit, gave a tenfold charm to all. When he had left—for he declined positively to remain the day, sorely to Mr. Brimble's disappointment—a discussion concerning him naturally arose among the ladies, while the squire accompanied him, as he said, off the grounds.

"Oh, mamma, what a man!" said Flora; "isn't he worse than a dictionary? I should get a brain fever if I heard him talk every day."

"Where does he come from?" asked Miss Cruden—a rather elderly lady, with grey hair, and gold spectacles, and thin sharp features.

"That remains to be proved," said Mrs. Brimble.

"Come from!" cried Flora; "why, he's like the man in the fairy tale, that came in at a hundred doors at once."

"Mr. Brimble," said his wife impressively, and turning with a confidential air to Miss Cruden, "is so ex-

ceedingly imprudent, so easily deceived, that any one might take him in—any one that can talk.”

“There’s no question about this person being able to talk,” said Miss Cruden; “but why do you suppose he has been taken in now?”

“Tell me what a gentleman fit to be introduced here, and a friend of General Topham’s, should do at Biddy Sparks’s.”

“Biddy Sparks!” said Miss Cruden, raising her eyebrows under her spectacles; “that is indeed a singular lodging for a gentleman.”

“Oh, but he’s a genius, mamma,” said Flora, “and lives on bread and milk, and never goes to bed. I only hope, if papa brings him here again, he’ll make him bring his flute: I should think we had come to an end of his geography.”

“I hope,” said Mrs. Brimble, “if your papa *does* bring him here again, it will be with a letter of introduction, without which no one ought to be received here.”

“But mamma, the man has had an introduction without a letter,” said Flora; “and if it pleases papa, what does it signify? He won’t run away with any of us—certainly not with me. I don’t know about Charity,” she said, suddenly turning round and looking at her sister, who had not yet spoken: “she was rather moon-struck about him this morning; but whether he’s a gentleman or not, Char, I’m positive he’s old, and he’s got the most frizzly little whiskers I ever saw; in fact, to me he is very much like his pictures.”

“And to me too,” said Charity.

“His pictures!” said Miss Cruden; “pray, what are they like?”

“Oh, stop, Char,” said Flora; “do let me tell first. You know, Miss Cruden, there’s a long blue uneven smudge—that’s a ‘distance;’ then there are—”

“Flora!” cried her sister, “how can you be so foolish? Miss Cruden is fond of drawing; the best way would be, to ask for her to see them, and judge for herself; they are full of spirit and feeling.”

“What is his name?” said Miss Cruden: “I did not hear.”

“Ah! that’s the melancholy part of it,” said Flora; “Char can’t make that better—Jobson, undeniable Jobson. Here’s papa; now, mamma, find out about the letter of introduction. I should rather enjoy his turning out an impostor, because Char looked so triumphant.”

Mr. Brimble had indeed appeared, but he remained in a hesitating manner on the walk, as if undecided about rejoining the ladies. The truth was, that, upon reflection, he felt he had committed what his wife would call a most imprudent action. He hardly shaped her censure into a definite form; but any form would be unpleasant enough. He knew her first question would be, “credentials,” and none had he to give; in fact, he had nothing but the stranger’s word as a guarantee for his respectability. Poor Mr. Brimble! he abhorred a lecture; yet his carelessness was always exposing him to one. With the consoling remembrance that Miss Cruden’s presence would break the force of the attack, he ventured on the enemy.

“Couldn’t prevail on him to turn back,” he said (looking anywhere but at Mrs. Brimble). “A positive fellow when he’s once made up his mind, I can see; but he has promised to come when he returns from a few days’ ramble; and, in the meantime, you, Char, are welcome to any of his sketches that you think worth copying; he has a large portfolio, which you may ransack at pleasure during his absence.”

“Did he bring letters of introduction?” asked Mrs. Brimble, with significant dryness

“I didn’t require any,” said her husband, carelessly, less uneasy at the conflict now he was fairly in for it.

“Your imprudence, Mr. Brimble, *does* surprise me, though it ought not to do so, considering my long experience of it.”

“Imprudence, imprudence! what imprudence?” inquired the squire quickly; “am I to welcome no one to my house who does not bring a certificate? Isn’t it my habit to call on all new comers?”

“Very few gentlemen would expect to be called on in this person’s circumstances; and I *must* say—”

“Now, there’s your mistake, Mary. You think you *must* say: but you *mustn’t* say; for once, my imprudence will come to no harm, at any rate. He’s a gentleman—a most agreeable, clever fellow, and a great acquisition to us in our dull quarters.”

“Don’t you remember that account in the paper,” said Mrs. Brimble, turning to Miss Cruden, “of a very clever man, who introduced himself under false pretences into a family, and an extensive robbery was the consequence?”

“No, she does not; though she is trying to get up a reminiscence to accommodate you, I can see. But if she does, it proves nothing; there’s no analogy. To begin, this man didn’t introduce himself; I sought him, and, to cut it short, Mary, I have indubitable proof that he is a gentleman.”

Mrs. Brimble looked up for the proof that thus cut her short; but the squire, feeling he had the advantage in asserting, which he would have lost in proving—for his conviction lay only in his innate perception of gentle birth and high breeding—kept on high ground, and declaring it was not endurable that they should waste the day in the house during such glorious weather, invited them to follow him to the shrubberies to look at his improvements there.

Miss Cruden immediately proceeded to fold into its proper creases a large square of cambric she was hemming for the doctor; Mrs. Brimble looked offended, and disinclined to accede to the proposal. Flora threw down her work, wondering she could have stayed in so long; and Charity, as she followed her, questioned why the stranger should have remembered her and her love for art. Her sister, as if answering her thoughts, said carelessly, while adjusting her hat, “How kind it was of papa to ask that you might see those things! for of course he asked, though he is willing that the credit should lie with ‘the admirable Jobson;’ it’s just like him, dear kind heart!” and she hastened after him into the shrubbery.

BIRD MURDER.

WE are glad to see the cause of the little birds taken up as it is now, not only by naturalists, periodicals, and the like, but by the “Times.” The eagle pleads for the wren. It is well known that small birds are very scarce in some parts of the Continent; but their destruction is not so senseless there as it is with us. They are eaten in France and Italy. They are sold in the market by scores. Monsieur brings home his pockets full, after a day’s shooting, and madame has them hung up in the larder. Signor makes, in some places, very ingenious arrangements for the capture of small birds: he spreads a net between two trees, and sits himself high up among the branches of one of them. When the “game” approaches, he flings a stick down at it; the poor little thing mistakes the missile for an enemy, perhaps a hawk, and, dodging down between the trees to avoid it, pops into signor’s net. This, I say, is intelligible. Signora

plucks the wagtail, and it smokes upon the board; but our English destructives kill under a stupid mistake. The farmer gives so much a dozen for sparrows' heads, or eggs. A sparrow club is formed, at which prizes are awarded to the destroyers of the greatest number.

These thoughtless wholesale executioners are not probably aware of the mischief done, not by their victims, but by themselves. And yet it seems strange, not only that they should be so unobservant as to live in the country and remain thus ignorant of the habits of small birds, but that they should defy the accumulated testimony of naturalists. It does not speak much for the intelligence of our middle country classes when so much popular science is disseminated, and yet a number of farmers can be found to join in a systematic slaughter of some of their best friends. No doubt sparrows eat corn in harvest—indeed, more or less, when they can get it; but they can be easily scared away during the short time that the grain is ripe for their food in the field.

I want, however, to ask the destroyers of little birds, "What do you think they eat during the greater part of the year, when there is no grain? Above all, what do they feed their young with?" Look into a nest—see the chorus of yellow mouths wide open in blind faith. Observe their unfledged and well filled, but most certainly unpleasant-looking stomachs. How are they supplied? Upon what do these insatiable little gourmands live? Insects. All day long, from daybreak to dusk, papa and mamma are flitting backwards and forwards, from the field and the garden to the nest, and popping flies, grubs, etc., etc., etc., into the half dozen hungry mouths. There is no satisfying them. Their meal is day long. They take in at one mouthful as much in proportion as a man consumes during the whole of his dinner. Conceive a score of nests in the neighbourhood of a garden. Say that a hundred mouths are being filled for twelve or fourteen hours at a time, filled, too, as fast as they can be, and what a removal of pernicious insects does not this represent! Yet the countryman kills these indefatigable scavengers, because they pick a little corn.

It is not, however, during the breeding time that they transfer mischievous insects from the plant to their young broods, but before and afterwards they themselves are incessantly on the alert for grubs, and other plagues of the farmer and the gardener. Watch a lawn, or a hedge-row, for half an hour, and see how ceaseless is the consumption of insects. The swallow snaps them up as he skims over the grass, or threads the stream. The wagtail runs right and left in a prompt, successful sort of way. Every time he makes one of those sudden little charges, he has caught and disposed of his prey. See the thrush, with long elastic hops, busy among the vegetables. He is revelling in caterpillars, or, perhaps, he is snail-hunting. See, he has got one, and trips on one side to settle matters with him. He can't swallow a snail, shell and all; so the thrush proceeds to get rid of this incumbrance. Seizing the snail, by what we will call the nape of the neck, he whacks him, with all his might, on a stone. Off comes a great piece of shell. Whack again. Poor snail! it must be very unpleasant for you; we won't watch the whole process. Presently, Mr. Thrush hops gaily out into the world again, with a smile on his countenance, and begins to look for another. The appetite of these birds is prodigious, their digestion powerful and rapid. Beside those I have mentioned, think of the crowd of soft-billed birds, all grub-hunting. What numbers, whose very name is "Flycatchers!" How many are classed under the title of "Insectivore!"

There are some wild birds, which, I grant you, must provoke the farmer immensely. A flock of wood-pigeons

in a field of ripe peas really consume a valuable share of the expected crop. But the rook is shamefully libelled. I have read with the deepest indignation of their destruction by poison. No doubt they like a charge of diet sometimes; but if you want to know what they love, look at a field being ploughed. See how eagerly the rooks pounce down upon the fresh-turned furrow. They are then doing incalculable good to the farmer—they are saving his crop from the wire-worm; and in return he poisons a rookery. The birds fall from their familiar trees, where they have bred and cawed in security for years. One after another yields to the mysterious influence. The many-wintered crow loses his foothold, and comes writhing down. The mother of the summer's brood drops beneath her nest. The charm of a country house is poisoned. Farmer Numskull has "served out them there thieves of rooks at last," he says. I'll tell you what: I wish somebody could persuade him to make a pie of a few; a little uneasiness under that great waistcoat of his would serve him right; and, if I had the curing of him when thus disturbed, I would take measures calculated to impress the recovery upon him. No homœopathic infinitesimal doses would I prescribe; but I would give him, and repeat the dose, if he could be approached a second time, let me see—I hardly know what just now, but it should be something like a horseball.

But seriously, this destruction of small birds is a grave question. In France legal measures have been taken to stop the mischief from proceeding, and to remedy the past. Here, in England, the police could hardly interfere. The common sense and common observation of residents in the country must be aroused and appealed to. Above all, let the farmer reflect upon the questions, how do small birds live during that great portion of the year in which they can get no grain? how are their broods fed? If you really believe, as you do, that small birds affect your crop, is it not worth while to look for yourselves, and see what they and their families consume so busily during the spring? Is it not worth while to calculate what those grubs and insects would produce and consume during the summer? They are more voracious than even the sparrows, and *they* do, most unquestionably, feed upon the produce of your land. And yet you destroy those quick little eyes, which alone can spy them out, and put poison in those nimble beaks which alone can reach them. In them you have living microscopes and tweezers, which hop about and manage themselves with inimitable accuracy and unwearied success. Do you think you could replace them with clumsy thumbs, hired at sixpence a-day?

THE KINGS OF PRUSSIA.

It is little more than a century and a half since Prussia became a kingdom. She cannot, like England, with whom she is now, by ties of royal relationship, so closely allied, trace her sovereignties back to the ages of Norman, Danish, Saxon, and British races. But she has, in her brief time of being, had a succession of kings who have enlarged her sea territory, united her people, and governed her destiny, with, on the whole, an amazing amount of felicity and success.

The "Great" Elector of Brandenburg, Frederick William I, was the founder of the Prussian power. He succeeded his father, the Elector George William, in 1640, and in 1642 received the investiture of Prussia from the then King of Poland. He is called the "Great," and not without exemplifying some claims to the distinc-

tion. To be sure, although he made war, he did not conquer with the facility of an Alexander the Great, or the brilliancy of a Napoleon I; but there are other roads to greatness than through the middle of an ensanguined field. He gave protection to the French Protestant refugees, greatly extended the arts of agriculture throughout his dominions, and added twenty thousand manufacturers to the industrial resources of his kingdom. This is something. He also founded libraries and universities, enlarged the boundaries of his dominions, and in 1688 bequeathed a well-supplied treasury to his son. Wise as these acts show him to have been in the art of governing his people, still wiser does he seem to have been in the art of governing himself. An instance of this is worth relating. When at the Hague, and yet a young man, he felt himself in the greatest danger of forming one, amongst many other individuals, who went to make up the aggregate of an exceedingly corrupt state of society, for which that place was then notorious. The dread of this induced him to seek his moral safety in physical flight. Accordingly, he fled to the camp of the Prince of Orange, then at Breda. This signal instance of virtue struck the Prince of Orange with surprise, whilst at the same time it called forth his marked approbation. "Cousin," said he, on receiving him, "your flight is a greater proof of heroism than would be the taking of Breda. He who knows so early how to command himself, will always succeed in great deeds." The philosophical remark was not misapplied, nor was it ever forgotten by the "Great" Elector of Brandenburg.

The son of this sovereign was Frederick III, Elector of Brandenburg, who in 1701 became the recognised King of Prussia, as Frederick I. Of this prince we have not much to say. He was ambitious, and put the crown on his own head—an act subsequently imitated by Napoleon I of France—and also on that of his royal consort, on the occasion of their being acknowledged King and Queen of Prussia. He instituted military orders, extended his dominions, founded universities, royal societies and academies, and married Sophia Charlotte of Hanover, sister of George I of England. He died in 1713, and was succeeded by his son, Frederick William I, who married a daughter of George I of England, and who inherited all the military tastes of his ancestors, to which he added something peculiarly his own. This was an extraordinary fancy for tall soldiers. His ideal of a warrior seemed to have concentrated itself in gigantic height. A small military man was his utter abhorrence. The consequence of this was, that he had agents employed in all parts of Europe, collecting and enlisting for the Prussian service every son of Anak they could find within the limits of a continent. The pursuits of science and literature were, in his estimation, the occupations of fools, idiots, imbeciles, or madmen. Money, however, he worshipped as an omnipotent power; and when we add to that, the adoration with which Titanic proportions became invested in his eyes when clothed in regimentals, we have, perhaps, one instance of the most perfect *matériel* cast of mind that ever was encased within the cranium of a European sovereign. He died in 1740, bequeathing, as might be expected, a well-supplied treasury, and a well-appointed army of nearly seventy thousand men to his son, historically known as Frederick the Great.

Frederick II, King of Prussia, as might be supposed, was but indifferently educated, and was the subject of much bad treatment from his father, because his natural tastes, in perfect contradistinction to those of that sovereign, led him to love music and literature. He was, through parental affection, confined in the castle of Cus-

trin, because he attempted to escape, with his youthful companion Katte, from the inhumanities of a government as despotic as it was destructive to all the softening influences of civilization, social refinement, and polite enjoyment. Poor Katte was barbarously put to death before his eyes; and it appears to be historically authenticated that his father had determined to remove the prince also from this sublunary sphere, had the intercession of Charles VI, Emperor of Austria, not prevented it. In 1740 he came to the crown, and commenced to carry out the traditions of his family, by making war upon his neighbours. To follow the story of his wars is not our intention. Let it suffice, that in danger he was undaunted, in difficulty full of resources, in combat brave, in politics sagacious, and in government wise. Mr. Carlyle, in his "Life of Frederick," has thus sketched the portrait of this extraordinary man:—

"About fourscore years ago, there used to be seen, sauntering on the terraces of Sans Souci, for a short time in the afternoon, or you might have met him elsewhere at an earlier hour, riding or driving in a rapid business manner, on the open roads, or through the scraggy woods and avenues of that intricate, amphibious Potsdam region, a highly-interesting little old man, of alert, though slightly-stooping figure, whose name among strangers was King Frederick II, or Frederick the Great of Prussia, and at home, among the common people, who much loved and esteemed him, was Vater Fritz—Father Fred—a name of familiarity, which had not bred contempt in that instance. He is a king, every inch of him, though without the trappings of a king; presents himself in a Spartan simplicity of vesture—no crown, but an old military cocked hat—generally old, or trampled and kneaded into an absolute softness, if new; no sceptre, but one like Agamemnon's—a walking-stick cut from the woods, which serves also as a riding-stick, (with which he hits the horse between the ears, say authors,) and for royal robes, a mere soldier's blue coat, with red facings—coat likely to be old, and sure to have a good deal of Spanish snuff on the breast of it; rest of the apparel dim, unobtrusive in colour or cut, ending in high over-knee military boots, which may be brushed, and, I hope, kept safe with an underhand suspicion of oil, but are not permitted to be blackened or varnished: Day and Martin with their soot pots forbidden to approach. This man is not of god-like physiognomy any more than of imposing stature or costume: close-shut mouth, with thin lips, prominent jaws, and nose receding; brow by no means of Olympian height; head, however, is of long form, and has superlative grey eyes in it: not what is called a beautiful man, nor yet, by all appearance, what is called a happy man. On the contrary, the face bears evidence of many omens, as they are termed, of much hard labour in this world, and seems to anticipate nothing but still more coming. Quiet stoicism, capable enough of what joy there was, but not expecting any worth mentioning; great unconscious, and some conscious pride, well tempered with a cheery mockery of humour, are written on that old face, which carries its chin well forward, in spite of the slight stoop about the neck; snuffy nose, rather flung into the air under its old cocked hat, like an old snuffy lion on the watch, and such a pair of eyes as no man, or lion, or lynx of that country, have elsewhere, according to the testimony of all we have. Most excellent, potent, brilliant eyes, swift-darting as the stars, steadfast as the sun, grey, we said, of the azure-grey colour, large enough, not of glaring size; the habitual expression of the vigilance and penetrating sense, rapidity resting on depth, which is an excellent combination, and gives us the notion of a lambent outer radiance,

springing from some greater inner sea of light and fire in the man. The voice, if he spoke to you, is of similar physiognomy—clear, melodious, sonorous—all tones are in it, from that of ingenious inquiry, graceful sociality, light-flowing banter, (rather prickly, for most part,) up to definite word of command, up to desolating word of rebuke and reprobation—a voice the clearest and most agreeable in conversation I ever heard, says witty Dr. Moore." This "heroic" character reigned forty-seven years, encouraged literature, and wrote much himself, besides framing the "Frederician Code of Laws," for the internal administration of his kingdom. He added Silesia to his dominions, and in 1772 shared in the first partition of Poland.

Frederick the "Great" was succeeded by his nephew, Frederick William II, in 1786. He, however, possessed none of the iron qualities of his ancestors, but was given to such effeminate delights, that his kingdom began rapidly to lose place amongst the advancing nations of Europe—so true is it, that whether men be taken separately as individuals, or collectively as in a nation, they will lose caste if they devote themselves to Sybaritic pleasures in preference to those more manly pursuits for which they are by nature designed, and forget to keep shadowing forth, as far as possible, those loftier attributes of virtue and excellence by which their daily conduct should be regulated and characterized. The pleasures of Capua are by no means localized, however fatal these were to the soldiers of Hannibal. This prince died in 1797, but not until he had, with the aid of Russia, shared in the second division of Poland, effected in 1793.

Frederick William III now ascended the throne. He was the son of the preceding sovereign, but was cast in a somewhat different mould. At this period the star of Napoleon I of France was in the ascendant, and although for some time the Prussian monarch contrived to maintain a neutrality between contending nations, in 1805 he allied himself with the Czar of Russia against the French emperor. In the following year he was defeated at Jena, and the gates of Berlin were opened to the enemy, in whose hands the Prussian capital remained till 1809. In 1807, the battle of Friedland had brought about the treaty of Tilsit, by which Frederick lost half of his dominions. After 1809, he was restored to his capital; but reverse after reverse, humiliation after humiliation followed him, until the height of his misfortunes seemed to culminate in 1813. The defeat of the French, however, at Leipsic, in 1814, enabled him, with the Russian emperor Alexander, to enter Paris, and to visit England, where he was hospitably received and sumptuously entertained. After the battle of Waterloo, in which Prussia played an important part, he gradually recovered his possessions, and by the subsequent wisdom and moderation with which he conducted the government of his country, Prussia rose into prosperity. He died in 1840, an ardent supporter of the Protestant religion, and a patron of education, but a man of great indecision of purpose, and a sovereign who never redeemed his promise of bestowing a representative government on his people.

In 1840, Frederick William IV, son of the preceding monarch, ascended the throne. That he inherited some of the military tendencies or dispositions of his ancestors is unquestionable; but it is also unquestionable that he inherited some of their failings. He had all the absolutism of Frederick William I, and all the irresolution of Frederick William II. He was a great lover of the arts, however, and cultivated them with success. "His education," says a contemporary, "was carefully attended to, and he had the advantage of studying under

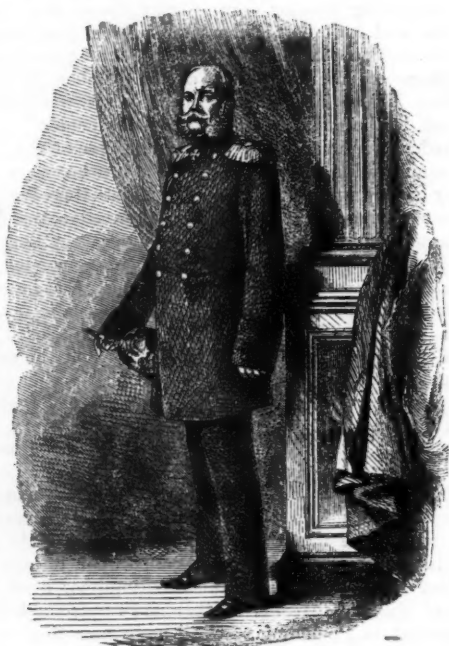
the most celebrated instructors in the different branches of literature, science, and art. Although too young at the time to be intrusted with any command, he nevertheless took part in the celebrated campaigns of 1813 and 1814, in which Prussia in a great measure avenged the indignities heaped upon her by Napoleon I. He was afterwards admitted into the Council of State, and shared in the direction of public affairs. On the decease of his father he ascended the throne, and commenced his reign by ameliorating the repressive system of government of his predecessor. In 1848, when the revolutionary mania extended to the Berliners, he attempted to lead and direct the movement, placing himself at the head of the National party, and proposing to fuse all the German States into a great federal union under a single monarch. His scheme, however, was not successful, and he finally entered on a career of reaction, which exposed him to much ill-will, but fortunately to no worse consequences. His vacillating conduct during the Crimean war is well known, and lowered his character in the eyes both of princes and people. In the year 1857 he first exhibited symptoms of failure of mind, and in October, 1858, his brother, Prince Frederick William Louis, was created Regent, to the general satisfaction of the people."

Frederick William IV married a daughter of the stern and commanding Nicholas of the North, who, when earnestly soliciting his assistance against the Western Powers during the Crimean war, received a reply not uncharacteristic of Prussian sovereignty. "There is hardly anything I will not do for the Emperor Nicholas, whom I love," said he; "but if I remember that he is my father-in-law, neither do I forget that Prussia is *not* the sister-in-law of Russia." This sovereign closed his earthly career on the 3rd of January, 1861,* at the palace of Sans Souci, leaving his throne to his brother, who, since 1858, had been fulfilling the functions of Regent of the kingdom.

Frederick William Louis, the present King of Prussia, whose portrait we give, is the second son of Frederick William III and of that Prussian queen whose name is encircled with a halo of romance, from the severities with which she was treated by Napoleon I. He was born in 1797, and before he was called upon to take the conduct of affairs of his brother's kingdom, filled the posts of Military Governor of Rhenish Prussia and King's Lieutenant in Pomerania. Until he became Regent he held aloof from all uninvited interference with the affairs of the general government; but whenever his opinions were invited by the king, he gave them at once and without reserve, showing at the same time that they were very different from such as were entertained by his royal brother. He evinced no ambition to be a patron of learning, a pietist, or a philosopher. If he exhibited any latent predominating inclination, it was perhaps to be a Prince of Prussia of the school of Frederick the Great. He was crowned at Königsberg on the 18th October, 1861. "The ceremonials connected with the coronation," says a chronicler of this important Prussian event, "commenced on Monday, with the entrance of the king and queen into Königsberg. Their Majesties arrived at the gates at twelve o'clock, where they were received by the royal princes, the generals, the presidents, and the civic authorities. The king was on horseback, surrounded by the princes of the royal house; the queen rode in a state carriage drawn by eight horses. Their Majesties were cheered by the crowds on their way through the streets. Their passage through the Brandenburg gate was an-

* Of the excellence and worth of the late King of Prussia in his personal character, we have lately given many proofs and illustrations.—*L. H.*, Nos. 537, 541.

nounced by a discharge of cannon and the ringing of bells. The procession proceeded through the lines formed by the corporations, guilds, and companies, the people continually cheering, and the crowds being everywhere very great. All the houses were richly decorated, and were filled with spectators to the roofs. At the castle their Majesties were received by the princesses of the royal house and the body of the officers and clergy. The number of strangers who arrived in the city was enormous. After his solemn entry, the king received the civil and military authorities at the royal castle, expressing to them his thanks, and telling them that he 'was full of confidence in the future development of all interests under the free action of all classes of the people.' It is for the sake of the sentiment spoken by the king at the close of this last sentence, that we have quoted this festive description.



THE KING OF PRUSSIA. (From a photograph.)

In this portrait any one may read the general character of Frederick William Louis, the present King of Prussia. Hard, firm, unbending, sternly upright, but also sternly obstinate, he carries the air of a ruler formed by habits of military discipline rather than of courtly policy. "King, by the grace of God" he rightly feels himself, but with a tendency to forget that other rights equally exist by the grace of God, whose overruling providence arranges all worldly relationships. Let us hope that the king may have wisdom given to him, so as not to assert theoretical claims of official authority at the expense of and in opposition to the just rights and safe privileges of constitutional government.

His Majesty was married in June, 1829, to the Princess Marie Louise Auguste Catherine, (daughter of Charles Frederick, late Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar Eisenach, and sister of the reigning Grand Duke), born on the 30th September, 1811. He has had issue Prince Frederick William Nicholas Charles, Prince of Prussia, married in January, 1858, to the Princess Royal of England, and the Princess Louise Marie Elizabeth, married to the reigning Grand Duke of Baden.

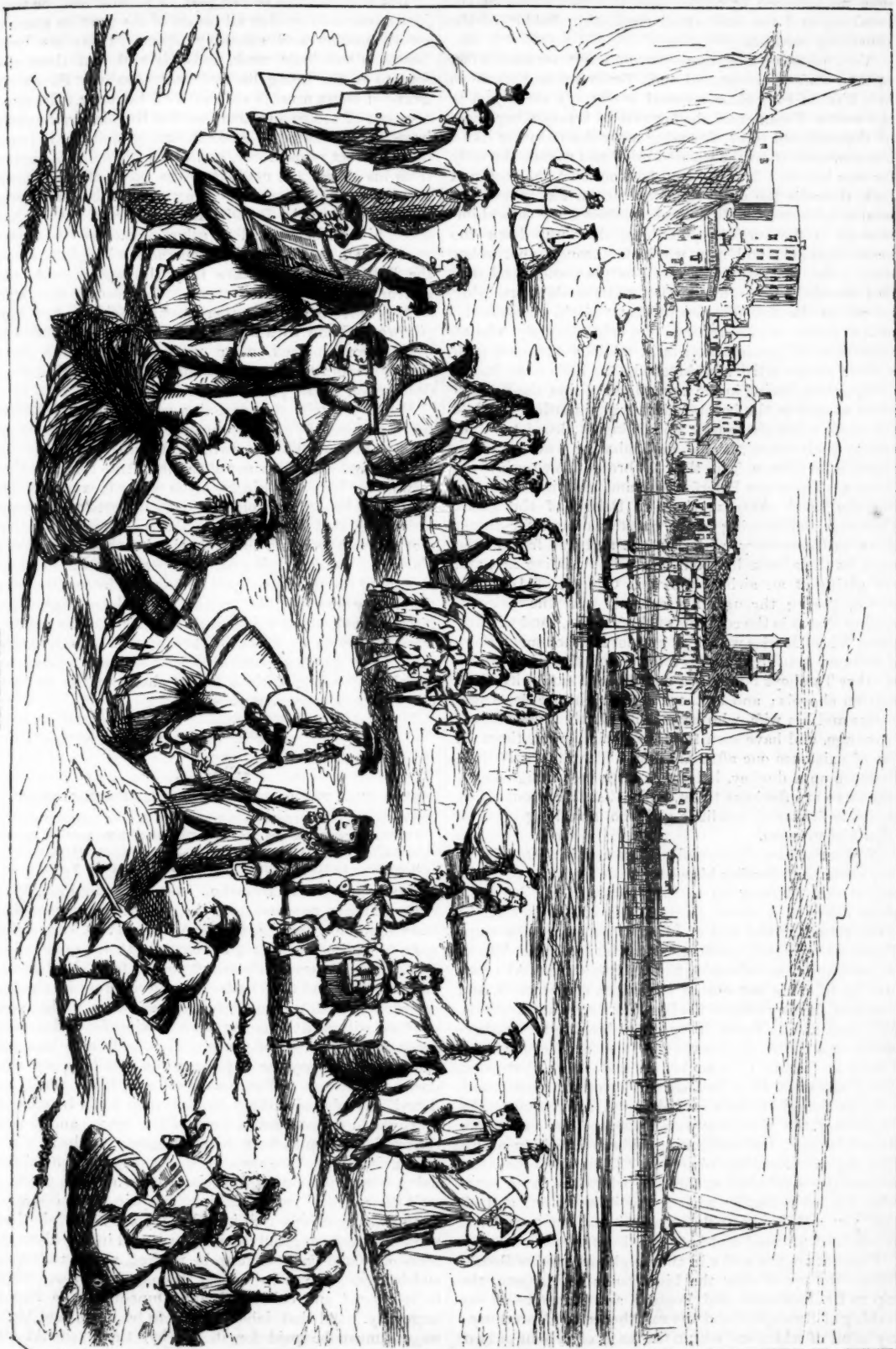
BROADSTAIRS.

We have known Broadstairs almost from the time when Broadstairs was astonished by the sight of the first steamer ploughing along in the offing under her ominous black flag of smoke. Even in those days of limited locomotion, there were many people, whose judgment was worth having, who had a good word to say for the little marine hamlet. Not that the place was noted for anything extraordinary, though the father of the celebrated Sheridan lies buried in the parish church of St. Peter's, which is a mile from the place, and the same churchyard holds the bones of Joy, the famous Kentish Samson, the only Englishman, it is said, who ever lifted a ton weight. But Broadstairs had other charms; it had pure air, a picturesque coast, an unlimited sea view, a glorious beach of level sand, a pleasant country in the rear, and above all, it had repose and quietness, and peaceful seclusion. These were the qualities that have made it dear to students and valetudinarians, for the last fifty years, and have given it special attractions in their eyes. Old people, too, who were glad to shake off the bustle and turmoil of life, as its sands were running out, stepped aside from the pleasure-seeking crowd, and found in this out-of-the-way retreat, that desiderated debateable land between two worlds, where it is good for every man to halt and examine his accounts for the day of final reckoning.

In those times the place consisted of little more than a rather rambling assemblage of fishermen's dwellings, one good row of proprietors' houses, standing somewhat away from the edge of the cliff fronting the sea, and a few detached villas placed on different points of vantage. Later, the invigorating properties of the air began to give Broadstairs a character for salubrity, and learned physicians in London sent their patients thither to benefit by it; and among others who came was her present Majesty, who, when a child, was brought thither by her mother. After the place had become the abode of royalty, it is not to be expected that it would remain long in obscurity; and so Broadstairs grew and grew, and, from being a small fishing village, became a genteel fashionable seaside resort. When we first buffeted the brine off that sandy beach, we remember well enough looking in vain for the customary bather's accommodation; there was nothing of the sort, and we had to seek out a cavernous cleft in the cliff, on the beach going towards Ramsgate, and strip for the encounter on the bare sands. Now there is a goodly rank of bathing-boxes on wheels, and no lack of mermaids ready-handed in flannel dominoes, to give the ladies a ducking, or of bearded tritons who smoke short pipes, and crush the silver sand under jack-boots, in zealous attendance upon the gentlemen. And as for the resources of Broadstairs in other respects, so far as we can judge they are second to those of few other watering-places, seeing that it has its hotels, boarding-houses, assembly-rooms and libraries, and supplies the means for pleasant excursions either by land or sea.

Still, the place is in some sort select and secluded; for, as there is no railway terminus nearer than a couple of miles off, the crowds of holiday-makers who get shot out of the trains at Ramsgate or Margate, are for the most part satisfied with the attractions of those popular centres, and prefer the delights of seeing and being seen by all the world, to the quieter retreat that Broadstairs presents, with its uncrowded promenades along the shore. For, however full the little town may be—and suitable accommodation is sometimes hard to come by—it is a fact that the sands are never crowded; they stretch so far that an army might encamp on them; and a meditative man may find a solitude for himself if he choose, and enjoy his king-

BROADSTAIRS.



dom undisturbed by aught save the dull sound of the breakers, and the still small crepitating babble of the subsiding sea-foam.

Very pleasant it is, moreover, on a hot summer's day to take one's telescope, and one's Tennyson, and sit down in a kind of easy chair scooped in the dry sand, just in the centre of some cool shadow cast by a projecting angle of the cliff, and there, dreaming away the morning like a lotus-eater, refresh the wearied mind and recruit the body for new labour. Now we lean back against the rock and look through the optic tube, far out to sea, where the wealth-laden argosies of commerce, their white sails shimmering in the sun, are plunging their way down the broad channel; and now we look through that other optic tube, the magic glass of the poet, and perchance find revealed to us some fair yet undefinable shape lying far out in the dim distance of that "world unrealized," man's inner consciousness. Or, while snugly niched apart from all participation in it, we look out upon such a scene as our artist has sketched—the little town in the distance slumbering in the morning sunshine, the fishing-boats at anchor, the bathing-fleet lying in ordinary, while the small select circle now sojourning at Broadstairs are taking their constitutional, and inhaling health and an appetite for dinner, from the cool breeze blowing in from the sea. There are Paterfamilias and his friend, discussing the hotel charges; there is Debbitt of the Stock Exchange, deliberating on the question of an after-dinner drive to Canterbury, with his wife and her friend, who have let their back hair out of its imprisoning net, and are giving it an airing; there is Coupon of Lombard Street, poring through his spectacles at the price of mining shares in the columns of the "Times," and wishing those Wheal Marias would go up just another turn; there is mamma settling Tomboy's ties; and there is a group of other Tomboys building a mountain of sand with their wooden shovels; and lo, there to the right are Septuagenarians and his wife, who have built all their sand-heaps years ago, and have seen the tide of time wash them all out of existence one after another. Then there is little Patience on a donkey, led by Endurance in high-lows; and there are donkeys to let, and a bargain about to be struck in favour of that little girl who is walking between papa and mamma.

Now turn from that social picture and look at the solitary shrimper following his weary trade a quarter of a mile out at sea. Nearly up to his middle in the brine he plods along at a sentinel's pace, and like a sentinel he turns round at the end of his beat and does the same distance over again, pushing his broad net before him as he goes, and thus skimming the sandy bottom. At every turn he lifts his net out of the water, examines it, and transfers the tiny prey to the bag that hangs at his girdle. As I look at him through my glass, his brown weather-beaten face comes so close to me, it seems I could touch it with my hand; it is so brown and so weather-worn, that it seems to have lost all faculty of expression, and looks as though it were carved in red sand-stone. His life among the tumbling waves, the sea-birds sweeping above his head, the everlasting billows knocking at his ribs, the sun scorching his crown till his shock hair has become straw-coloured at the tips, while the brine saturates his lower limbs—what a life it must be! and all that you and I may trifle over shrimps at tea, and not be confined to bread-and-butter and water-cresses.

Pleasant are the walks in the neighbourhood of Broadstairs—the route over the high lands to Margate, the trip to St. Lawrence, and Pegwell, and Minster—to say nothing of Ramsgate, and the rail thence to Canterbury; any or all of which are within the reach of an hour or two.

But it would not be fair play to Broadstairs, or to its just renown, to confine all notice of the town to remarks on its summer and sunshiny aspect. There are brave hearts in this little nook, and it is well that there are; for out in the offing lie the fatal Goodwin Sands, the grave of many a noble ship with all her crew. In many a season of storm and tempest the Broadstairs boatmen have not hesitated to go forth and grapple with Death in the throat of darkness, and pluck his helpless victims from his grasp. It needs but the boom of the minute-gun resounding from the direction of those devouring Sands, to rouse the Broadstairs fisher from his bed, and speed him on his errand of salvation across the stormy waters. On many a night, when their sole light has been the lightning's flash, have they thus gone forth, the instruments of God's mercy, to rescue perishing strangers from a doom otherwise inevitable. And happily we all know with what welcome success their labours have been crowned, when the morn has seen them return bringing a harvest of human lives plucked from destruction at the perilous risk of their own.

When you take your evening walk along the cliffs to the westward, if you look out over the waters after sunset you may see the Goodwin light twinkling in the distance, to warn the mariner of the fatal trap that there lies in wait for him. It will give you some idea of the task which the boat's crew of volunteers undertakes, if, while measuring that distance with your eye, on a calm summer evening, you can imagine the heavens spread with blackness, the sea raging with tempest, and the dull dead sounds of the distress signal booming at intervals across the angry waste, while on the beach below lights are flitting about, shrill voices are heard amidst the roaring wind, and you see dimly by the light of the flickering torch, the life-boat putting off—the brave fellows on board responding with a hearty cheer to the farewell cheer of their comrades on shore.

OTAGO;

OR, A RUSH TO THE NEW GOLD-FIELDS OF NEW ZEALAND.

CHAPTER V.—DUNEDIN—PANIC TO GET AWAY—REASONS FOR IT—FUTURE PROSPECTS OF OTAGO—ITS BUSINESS MEN—"SENSATIONS"—THE CALLAO FEVER—SHIP AGENTS, OWNERS, AND MASTERS—INDUCEMENTS FOR DIGGERS TO RETURN TO VICTORIA.

WHEN I arrived at Dunedin, from the diggings, later news had been received from the Australian colonies that the Otago fever was raging violently, and that large ships were fast filling up with passengers. It was expected in Dunedin that seven thousand people from Melbourne, and five thousand from Sydney, would land on its already crowded streets within a week or ten days. The most of those with a little money were looking for a chance to escape before times got worse. Hundreds who had not the money to pay for a passage were walking up and down the streets asking each other "What shall be done?" Mobs of hungry looking men could be seen at all times in the streets, talking in low tones, and it was reported that spies were in each group, to learn what was going on. Two men were arrested, and fined for using language tending to excite a breach of the peace.

With all this consternation, despair, and distress, Otago was probably rich in gold deposits, and all that should attract emigrants to its shores and induce them to remain. Gold-fields were to be worked, roads, railways, and bridges were to be formed, thousands of acres were to be cleared and cultivated, and Dunedin made into a large city. All that labour is yet to be done, and high wages must be paid for it. Why, then, should all

be so anxious to leave? Why could they not find employment at the gold-fields, or some of the vast fields of labour I have mentioned? Why should starvation stare them out of countenance, in whatever direction they gazed? Several causes combined to produce this state of affairs, a few of which I will try and give. Otago lacked men of capital and enterprise. The business men there possessed too much caution and too little money, to supply the hungry thousands just landed with cheap food, and employment by which they could make a little money, and help themselves to a share of the natural wealth of the province. Men of enterprise would have said, "This is a fine country, and must 'rise and shine,' whether the gold-fields pay or not, and we must take advantage of this influx of population to hasten our future greatness." Thinking thus, they would have tried to retain the population, and not by selfishness and caution made nearly all as anxious to leave Otago as rats are to escape from a sinking ship. Ship agents and captains will probably take passengers from Otago for as low a sum as they can, without losing money by them, and the majority of those who rushed there will get away sometime. Business men of Dunedin will then say, "The rush has turned out no good. We were afraid it would be so, and have showed wisdom in our caution;" and yet they may have taken the only course that could have prevented the rush from turning out well. Gabriel's Gully has been rich, and it is unreasonable to suppose that it can be the only rich one. Others will probably be found; and I can see no reason why the gold-fields of Otago should not give employment to a large population for several years to come. The reader may think me presumptuous in giving an opinion on a subject of which I saw so little; but I claim the right of forming an opinion from having had ten years' experience on different gold-fields: but of course I cannot object to any one taking into consideration how brief a time I was on the diggings of Otago, when they are forming an estimate of the value of my opinion.

I was going to give some reasons for the strange state of affairs I found in Dunedin, and as yet have given but one—the want of capital and enterprise. This undoubtedly had much to do in disappointing so many; but the people of Dunedin should not have all the blame as well as business to themselves. A portion of the blame, if there is any, should fall on the thousands who rushed upon a quiet village but lately planted in an obscure corner of the earth, landing at the rate of three or four thousand per week, all demanding food, gold, and employment. In doing this, the diggers did not, in the opinion of many, show sufficient forethought; yet I cannot see how any reasonable man can blame them for what they did. I have often heard diggers spoken of as fools, for blindly rushing to any place where there is a rumour of gold having been found; but in general they are not fools. When they work year after year to support a precarious existence, clothed with dirt and rags, toiling in dirt and mud, and sleeping in the dirt in a house of rags, are they fools for trying to better their condition, when they hear even of a shadow of a hope of doing so? "They should not go without money enough to come back with," say some; "or enough to keep them awhile from destitution where they are going." My answer to this is, that if so many of the diggers, after years of toil, can only raise sufficient money to take them away, after first blaming them for becoming diggers at all, they deserve credit for leaving a place where they have made or saved so little.

While I do not blame the diggers for going to Otago, I do not think it is right for so many of them to throw

all the causes of their disappointment on the early settlers of the province.

At the time I left for Otago, one of the Melbourne journals, in a leading article, praised the good sense of the miners that were not going to be deluded into leaving Victoria. The editor, or writer of that article, praised thousands who did not deserve it, for I believe that nine out of ten of the mining population of Victoria would have joined the rush to Otago had they been able to do so.

The want of fire-wood on the Otago diggings was probably the principal cause that turned so many back to Dunedin. Men who are so constantly exposed to the weather as diggers—and all who live in tents must be—cannot do without a warm fire in the evening. To come home to a tent, after working all day in the wet, eating a raw supper, turning into damp blankets, and turning out and putting on wet clothes in the morning, is too much for human nature to bear long. To have had to endure this, very few would have stayed long on the diggings of California or Victoria in their best days. People did return from the diggings in those places, saying that the hardships to be borne were too great for the quantity of gold to be obtained, and there were no hardships in either of those places so hard to bear as the want of firewood at Waitahuna.

Some, on whose word I could place reliance, after coming from the Waitahuna diggings, told me that they easily found claims that were, or would be, payable under ordinary circumstances, but that they were not rich enough to yield a small fortune in a few weeks, and for nothing less would they have stayed on the diggings much longer. "Gold is not worth having," said one of them, "when living where one must sacrifice all happiness, and perhaps life itself, to obtain it." The want of a good fire in the camp at night, will, in my opinion, disgust diggers with far richer diggings than have yet been found in Otago; and yet, had I been intending to work at mining for a few months longer, I would have stayed there, and not done, as so many did, go back to Victoria to look for gold.

The summer was drawing near when the tide of population turned from Otago. Warm weather will make life on the diggings more endurable. Provisions will be sent up to the diggings in larger quantities, the price of food will become lower, and new gullies will probably be found. From the panic existing at the time I was there, the population will recover, and commence business in an intelligent manner. After learning that the town and country must be improved to keep pace with the new order of things, labour will be created at good wages, for the unsuccessful diggers to fall back on; and those who will land in Otago without money will be able to get employment to give them a start, so that they can do some good for themselves and the country of their adoption.

The inhabitants of civilized countries now-a-days are too much guided by panics, or "sensations." There are national sensations, city and rural sensations, on subjects apparently harmless; but they are not so, for the public mind should not be ruled, driven, or dragged in that manner. Unfortunately for the diggers of Victoria, they are as much subject to sensations as any other people, and can the least afford it. Sensations with the people of other countries do not bring such complete prostration of all hopes and happiness as those peculiar to the digger, which drag him through many hardships, to land him on some wild shore of a land but little known, and leave him there homeless, friendless, and destitute, as was the case with the rush to Peru, Vancouver's Island, Port Curtis, and

now Otago. Diggers have much to do in getting up these excitements, and thus injure each other. There is much truth in the old Latin proverb about our easily believing that which we wish. Diggers wish that the reports of a new gold-field would prove true. So strong is this wish, that they try to prove to, or convince each other, that they are true, and those trying to do this, manage to convince themselves, if no one else. Stories are passed from one to another, an extra word or two is added by each, and an ounce or two of gold is added to the daily average, for fear that stories of uncoined gold, like gold coin, get lighter, by being often passed from one to another, which is a great mistake, and one they should have learnt years ago. There is sometimes a strong suspicion that ship-owners, agents, and masters have something to do in getting up these sensations, so fatal to the hopes and happiness of gold-diggers. It has been stated by those who should know, that they got up the rush from Victoria to Peru, which turned out but a rush to the grave for hundreds of Americans and Canadians, who were about the only people foolish enough to be victimized by that excursion. In every rush but this, English, Irish, Scotch, and all people have taken the excitement and their exit for a time, but the Peru fever seemed only contagious to Americans, Canadians, and a few Frenchmen. There must be some reason why they were the only dupes to that greatest of modern gold-digging delusions, but I never heard any one try to give it.

I have not heard those in the shipping business accused of getting up the rush to Otago. The Otago papers published no lying reports, and I never heard that any dishonest means were resorted to by any to deceive the unfortunate diggers. This is evidence in favour of Otago gold-fields being of a payable nature, if worked under favourable circumstances. The miners did not leave Victoria until a sufficient quantity of gold had come from Otago to prove this, and then the sensation was everything required to make the rush as great as could exist amongst as small a population as Victoria contains, and where a majority are struck so low by the cruel hand of poverty.

Those engaged in the shipping trade only had to launch their ships with the wave of public opinion, and carry the passengers backwards and forwards, as the tide rolled. Diggers going to a rush pay ship-owners well. They are a living freight, which is paid for at a high rate—walks on and off, requiring no expense for stevedores. When the diggers wished to go to Otago, ship agents “laid on” for that place a fleet of fine ships, and took them for from six to eight pounds sterling each. When these ships began landing thousands per week in Otago, and it was discovered that the province could not provide such a large influx of population with food and employment—that the place was too young—that the diggers had “come too soon” or “too late,” that “the diggings were too poor,” and that “the Scotch had the in-nings, and could not be put out,” the ship agents and captains were willing to take the diggers back to Melbourne for about half of the money for which they brought them. This was very kind of them; for I understood in Melbourne that they were taking passengers to Otago for as small a sum as they could, without losing money by them. In Melbourne, if a seaman wished to get to Otago, he might, if lucky, get his name on the ship’s articles, and one shilling for the run, and a seaman in Otago wishing to get to Melbourne could go on about the same terms.

The prospect of starving in Otago caused a sensation as strong as the one in Victoria to get to it, but, other-

wise, the two sensations were very different. The excitement amongst the diggers of Victoria who were able to go to Otago was bright and joyful. They came to Melbourne, from the various gold-fields, with great animation. The light of hope was burning in each eye, and each countenance seemed radiant with its beams. Every one seemed in good humour with himself—all the world, its wife and daughters.

In Otago the excitement was as strong, but deep, dark, and dismal. Conversation, in place of being in a cheerful tone and full of hope, was doleful and desponding. Those who were returning to Victoria had but the prospect of indescribable misery before them. There would be labour for a few of the many who would apply for it on the railway, at wages which would but keep them in cheap food and clothing, but not pay them for their time. The prospect of doing anything on the diggings of Victoria was one, that no miner had the courage to look at, unless through a strong light of hope; but the business of gold-digging is too often viewed by this light, in place of the light of reason, which cannot show any encouraging prospect for miners to squander their time on the diggings of Victoria.

Previous to going to Otago, I was on the gold-fields in and about the Pyrenees. In that neighbourhood are the diggings of Mountain Creek, Redbank, and Navarre. These places formed the site of the last large rush in Victoria; and I was acquainted with men working at those places in claims where they were in danger of being killed any hour, and they were making but four and five shillings per day. The time is past when large fortunes and nuggets are often found. It is true that about one miner out of a thousand does well; but more than that are killed accidentally while mining, or die of diseases engendered by its hardships.

The miners who returned from Otago to Victoria know all this; but what are they to do? Gold-digging is their business, and they must go where they can follow it. It was not because the diggings of Otago had proved to be no good that the diggers were so anxious to get away. It was not because the diggings of Victoria were thought to be so remunerative to those who work them, as to be worth another voyage to reach, and another year or two of time in toiling on them, that the miners were induced to return. They went back to Victoria because they knew not what else to do. They had reason to believe they could keep from starving in Victoria, and they could not comprehend the future of Otago. The confusion and uncertainty of everything frightened many, while some, who had confidence in the future of Otago, knew not what to do with the present. They thought that time must pass before the country could be made a safe one for so many thousands to live in.

The knowledge that but little food was being sent up to the diggings, that no employment could be obtained in Dunedin, and that thousands more were coming, was sufficient to make the most of those who had lately arrived in Otago believe that it was a good place for those who are fortunate; but where is the man who thinks he has his due share of fortune’s gifts?

MYSTERIOUS FATE OF JACQUES BALMAT.

MR. WILLS, author of a recent book of Alpine Travel,* gives the following account of the mysterious disappearance of Jacques Balmat, the well known guide:—

* “The Eagle’s Nest” in the Valley of Sixt; a Summer Home among the Alps: together with some Excursions among the Great Glaciers. By Alfred Wills. (Longman and Co.)

"The glaciers of Mont Rouan are interesting to those who care about the great names in Alpine story, as the scene of the tragedy which closed the career of the adventurous Jacques Balmat, the hero of Mont Blanc, perhaps the hardest and most indomitable mountaineer that ever drew breath, even beneath the shadow of the Alps. He had, unfortunately for himself, contracted a habit of gold-seeking, which kept him poor all his life; and he had long had an idea that in some veins, apparently of carboniferous earth, which streak the calcareous precipices near the glaciers of Mont Rouan, gold-ore might be found. In the month of September, 1834, being then no less than seventy-two years of age, he started, accompanied by a single chasseur of Val Orsine—one Pache by name—on his perilous tour of discovery. He was seen the following day, in company with the huntsman, making his way towards the head of the Fond de la Combe. Late in the afternoon they reached a solitary hut, called *La Cabane des Bergers de Moutons*, perched on one of the largest of the patches of grass already mentioned, and here they passed the night. The next day the hunter returned alone, and Jacques Balmat was never seen again. His companion betrayed great reluctance to answer any questions concerning him, and when pressed, always asserted that they had separated in the morning, Jacques Balmat making his way towards the glaciers, he returning in the other direction, as the old man insisted upon going into places of such danger that he dared not follow him. Of what befell Balmat after they parted, he declared he knew nothing. The Val Orsine man stuck to his story whenever interrogated, and unsatisfactory as his manner was always felt to be, nothing could be discovered to contradict his account; and there the matter rested till fresh light was thrown upon it by an incident which illustrates curiously the state of society at Sixt, and the nature of the objects of primary importance in the eyes of the village politician. Years after this occurrence, a disclosure was made by a man who, at the time Jacques Balmat disappeared, had been Syndic of the commune, an officer bearing the same title as the chief person of the commune at the present day, but then deriving his authority from the fact of his being the nominee and representative of the central administration, not, as now, from being the free choice of popular election. This person now divulged for the first time, that the day after Jacques Balmat was last seen, a peasant of his commune had informed him, that on the previous day his two children had been playing on the grassy slopes on the northern side of the Fond de la Combe, near the *Châlets de Boret*, when they beheld a man, who had been apparently creeping along the naked face of the rocks opposite, above a great accumulation of broken blocks of ice, which had been pushed over a precipice by the advance of the glacier, suddenly fall and disappear in a chasm between the rock and the ice. Influenced by motives which the reader would scarcely guess, and which it would appear were shared by his informant, the Syndic strictly charged the children never to breathe a syllable of what they had seen, and threatened them with all the undefined terrors of the law if they ever ventured to tell the story to any one else. The children were young, and probably living at a solitary chalet, where they had no one but their parents to talk to, and either forgot or only faintly remembered the incident, or were imbued with a salutary respect for so great a personage as the Syndic, and the secret had been kept to that hour. The ex-Syndic was well aware that the relatives of Balmat had made anxious but fruitless searches for his remains, and that some sort of suspicion of want of candour had fallen upon the

Val Orsine hunter, and, whether his conscience at last smote him, that he had suffered him to remain so long under a cloud, or for what other reason does not appear, but he now for the first time told this story to the then Vice-Syndic of Sixt. The Vice-Syndic communicated the intelligence, first to Jean Payot of Chamouni, and afterwards repeated it in the presence of my informant, Auguste Balmat. The children in question were inquired for, but it seemed they had left the neighbourhood. The spot, however, from which the figure had been seen to fall, a little green oasis in the desert of rock, was pointed out; and a fresh expedition was organized, on an extensive scale, from Chamouni. Among the explorers were Auguste Balmat and several other relatives of the deceased, and one Michel Carrier, the artist of the great plan in relief of Mont Blanc, known to visitors at Chamouni, and a tolerable draughtsman. With incredible difficulty, and taking the utmost precautions against accident, they succeeded in reaching the green knoll near and at the side of the glacier. Here they found below them a precipice, and at the foot of this the broken masses of ice shot over the edge of the platform on which the glacier rests. Auguste was tied to a rope, but found it impossible to descend the face of the rock, or to get any nearer to the chasm which had received his great-uncle. He described it as a black gulf, the bottom of which he could not see, into which a stream issuing from the glacier was thundering, and stones and blocks of ice, broken off as the glacier poured over the ridge, were continually falling. All hope was therefore finally abandoned of the possibility of finding any traces of the great pioneer of Mont Blanc. Carrier, however, took a sketch of the spot, and the party returned to Chamouni. Some time afterwards he and Auguste Balmat went together to the Val Orsine. When they drew near to the hunter's cottage, Carrier went on alone to the door, and asked Pache if he had seen Balmat, adding, 'I expected him somewhere about here; he is gone to seek minerals.' The man answered that he had not seen Auguste, but invited Carrier to sit down and wait for him. Half an hour afterwards Balmat came by, as if casually, and asked Pache if he had seen Carrier. The hunter insisted on their taking a bottle of wine, to which they assented, on condition that he should come to Val Orsine and dine with them. Accordingly the three adjourned to the inn at Val Orsine, where they sat down to dinner, and Balmat and Carrier took care to ply the old hunter freely with wine. When it had begun to tell upon him a little, and the suspicious reserve he always maintained in the presence of those whom he associated with Jacques Balmat had a little worn away, Carrier, who was sitting beside him, suddenly pulled out the sketch he had taken at the Fond de la Combe, and laid it before him, saying, '*Connaissez-vous cette image?*'—The hunter, taken off his guard, started back exclaiming, '*Mon Dieu! voilà où Jacques Balmat est péri!*'—'What, then,' said Carrier, 'you know *where* he perished!'—The man appeared confused for a moment, and then recovering his habitual caution, said, 'No, no, I know nothing about it; but I saw the scene near which I left him, and it struck me as the kind of place he might have fallen down.' He then got up, and no entreaties could prevail upon him to stay; and by no artifice could he be induced to approach the subject again. It is not difficult to understand that an ignorant peasant, fearful of being charged with having had a hand in the death of Jacques Balmat, should have imagined that his safety lay in pretending absolute ignorance of every circumstance connected with his fate; but the conduct of the Syndic, to whom the whole mystery was known, requires to be ex-

plained a little more in detail. It is not easy for a person unfamiliar with the Alps to conceive the importance justly attached by the members of a mountain community to their forests. Not only do they depend upon them, and upon nothing else, for their supplies of fuel and for their building materials, but also for the still more important service of at once breaking up into detached portions the accumulations of the winter snow which falls upon the area they cover, and of forming a protecting barrier against the avalanches hurled from the heights above them. These avalanches bring with them not merely snow, but rocks, stones, and *débris*, and, sweeping over the unprotected mountain sides in prodigious volumes and with incredible velocity, not unfrequently tear off large portions of mould, and, kneading it up with their own substance, cover the comparatively level ground, which finally arrests their progress, with a compound of earth and snow. When spring comes round and the snow melts into water, the land is covered with a thick deposit of mud, through which it will perhaps take two or three seasons for the herbage beneath to force its way; so that even if houses, men, and cattle be out of the reach of the avalanche, it may do damage enough to impoverish a whole neighbourhood. Anything, therefore, which tends to the destruction of their forest ramparts, is regarded by the peasantry as a deplorable calamity. * * Jacques Balmat was a noted gold-seeker, and, despite his ill success, enjoyed considerable reputation throughout the communes near to Chamouni as a person of great knowledge and experience on such subjects. The moment the Syndic heard that the children had seen a man fall down the precipice of Mont Rouan, he conjectured that Jacques Balmat, who had been seen in the valley a day or two before, had been searching for gold in that neighbourhood, and that it was he who had met with the terrible fate described by the children. A vague local tradition had long been current, which asserted that gold was to be found in the valley, and that some Swiss adventurers had even made their fortunes by working it; but little heed was paid to the story, and no one had assigned to the popular notion any particular locality. If Jacques Balmat were once known to have selected a definite spot for his researches, his example would be followed, and the discovery which had been frustrated by his tragical death would be accomplished by others. Mines would be opened, vast quantities of wood would be needed to smelt the ore, the interests of the valley would be sacrificed to the influence of persons who could gain the ear of the authorities at Turin, and their forests would be destroyed to feed the cupidity of strange adventurers. Such was the train of thought which passed through the mind of the wary Syndic, and determined him, at all hazards, to suppress every trace of facts which might put future gold-hunters on the right scent."

LEDESDALE GRANGE.

A TALE OF COAL-FIELDS AND CORN-FIELDS.

CHAPTER VIII.—MONDAY IN THE COLLIERIES.

WHEN Mr. Rivers saw the visitor announced to him by Mrs. Maybury, he inwardly admired the discrimination on her part which had assigned him a high place in the scale of social humanity. Mr. Norman—his card introduced him by that name—appeared unmistakably as one of those who are now and then born into the world for the express purpose of influencing and directing those around them. Their rule may be at times an unconscious one; but it is not the less potent. In all tender-

ness may their sway be exercised; but it is one which the feebleness and passions they come in contact with cannot resist. We may not often meet them in our daily path; but the world would be poorly off without a sprinkling of such leading minds in every age and generation. In Mr. Norman's presence you had an agreeable conviction that your *gauge* was taken at first sight; that he knew as much about you in half an hour, as an ordinary man would do in a month; and that any little weak point or idiosyncrasy on your part would be ferreted out with relentless sagacity. Such was the man who, with an apology for "intrusion," not at all considered necessary on Mr. Rivers's part, now introduced himself as "Her Majesty's Inspector of Mines and Metals." Traversing the district on his first professional tour, he was full charged with the eagerness and first enthusiasm of a novice in the work; and though he had completed in the neighbourhood the more formal and statistical inquiries enjoined by his office, was desirous of gaining some general insight of the habits and modes of life prevailing among the iron-workers and colliers. Mr. Rivers professed himself happy to throw any light on the subject which his slight acquaintance with the locality could warrant; and it was speedily arranged that on the following Monday he was to accompany her Majesty's inspector on a small journey of discovery.

"A most extraordinary region this," said Mr. Norman; and he said it as though the fact lay on his conscience and he were glad to disburden himself.

"You are not singular in your opinion, I believe," said Mr. Rivers smiling.

"All one's preconceived notions of things in general seem upset here," continued the inspector.

"Undermined!" suggested Mr. Rivers.

"Exactly—undermined. The great subterranean revolution, which has so effectually changed the physical aspect, seems to have been attended by a moral transformation not wholly dissimilar in its character. How do we account for this?"

"I fancy we may thank our money-getting propensities for a good deal of it," was the reply. "Assuredly the 'root of all evil' has not been unproductive in this neighbourhood."

"I thought, by the way," observed the inspector, as he was leaving the vicarage, "that Monday was a day dedicated by the clergy at large to an easy chair, cold-water bandages on the temple, and domestic fault-finding. Am I wise in selecting it?"

"Exercise is a specific cure for *Mondayishness*," said Mr. Rivers, laughing; "and I shall be useful in that state for the growling and snarling part of our business." And so the matter was agreed upon.

It is not necessary to accompany Mr. Norman and his guide during their entire peregrinations on that day; suffice it that Mr. Rivers did what lay in his power to further the object had in view by the inspector, and that he introduced him to such scenes and characters as could best tend to throw light on the subject which now interested him.

Four o'clock in the afternoon found them entering the small but very populous town of Trayton—post-town of Ledesdale, and about two miles distant from the latter place. A scene of greater confusion than that which presented itself before the two gentlemen as they walked together up the narrow streets, cannot easily be imagined by the civilized reader; and those who, like our friend Miss Bell, are such special advocates for detecting universally the "poetry of life," might have accompanied them with advantage. "Donnybrook Fair," once so notorious in the land of shamrocks, might have

felt itself very much at home if suddenly dropped down into the centre of this interesting town. At the same time there was more noise than gaiety, and nothing very joyous or exhilarating in either sight or sound. It is true that Punch was squeaking and killing his wife in a back street, to the amusement of a crowd of urchins; but then his music was effectually drowned by women bawling, children screeching, dogs, ballad singers, "rag and bone" with other itinerant merchants, who joined in the chorus to an extent truly perplexing. The respectable portion of the inhabitants seemed to have subsided within their houses, leaving to the "great unwashed" an undisputed possession of the outer town. Public-houses, to be sure, were open, and doing business on a large scale: witness the staggering wretches who now and then issued from their portals; though it must be owned that at present the exports bore but small comparison with the imports. The most remarkable objects, however, and what chiefly attracted the inspector's notice, were the groups of stout able-bodied men who lounged in the streets, neither drinking as yet, nor joining in any particular diversion, but apparently intent on demonstrating one great fact: viz. that they had nothing to do, and that they were doing it with all their might—some standing in listless attitudes, hands in pockets, following with dreamy eyes the flight of a pigeon, or the progress of a game of marbles; others, seated in a row on the pavement, their backs against a wall or palisade, and their thick boots sadly in the way of all passers by. The *far niente* was evident in all, but the *dolce* part of it was obscure enough.

"And you say there is nothing unusual abroad?" observed Mr. Norman on first becoming introduced to the noisy atmosphere.

"No, it is only *play day*; you see but our Monday jollifications."

"Jollifications, truly! and is it possible that this sort of thing is universal in the district? how can it be tolerated?"

"I cannot answer as to its universality," said Mr. Rivers, "but I can affirm that it would be a very great blessing to this particular neighbourhood if the Monday holiday were once for all dispensed with. I believe many of the more respectable iron-workers are content to forego it, but the colliers here are pretty unanimous in claiming a total exemption from work on this day."

"The effects, doubtless, being disastrous in more ways than one."

"Very much so, indeed; negatively, inasmuch as they lose their day's wages; positively, because some of them spend on the Monday more than their whole weekly earnings can amount to, and acquire habits which become their ruin."

It may be imagined that Mr. Norman, with his clerical guide and director, speedily became themselves objects of very special interest and curiosity to the townsfolk of Trayton. Both, in very different ways, were striking-looking men, and there was something decidedly suspicious in their manner of looking about them and noting what passed. Many were the eyes directed to their course, and the comments that were passed upon their appearance.

"Jim, who bin them?" was the inquiry of one unshaven gentleman to his comrade.

"I dunna know," was the reply, "and, for one, dunna care."

"Belike them's the protectives," suggested a sagacious third.

"That un to left has an eye to see through a stone wall if any could; so you look sharp, Bill."

"One's a parson, by the cut of his necktie," responded the first speaker, "and he don't look as game as t'other."

Mr. Norman and his friend pursued their course. "What would not one give," began the former, after a short silence, "to be able effectually to do something for these poor people!—to raise one's voice in a manner to which they must give heed, to lay hold, as it were, on their weak side, and *compel* them to seek their own good."

"Yes," was the reply; "in looking on a scene like this, we can understand something of St. Paul's feeling at Athens, when he saw the city 'wholly given to idolatry.'"

A turn in the street now brought them to a long dead wall, with their backs to which sat some six or eight men, some half asleep, one or two smoking, and otherwise mildly enjoying themselves.

"Well, my men," began Mr. Norman, as he came up with this group, "this looks like holiday time here."

"Ay, ay, master," was the answer, in a careless tone, though not uncivilly; "so it be holiday time for the day."

"And do you, as men of sense and reason, consider *this* either a pleasant or a profitable mode of spending a holiday?"

"That's matter of taste, master; what suits you mayn't suit me, and t'other way back'ards."

"And so long as we please ourselves 'taint no business of other folks, I warrant," put in a surly looking man with a long sandy beard. At which speech several burst into a hoarse laugh; but the first speaker interposed, saying that a civil question called for a civil answer, and that if they did not know that before, he'd "learn it them."

"Well, now," continued the inspector, smiling, "since you seem friendly disposed, will you tell me as a friend, what advantage you gain by regularly taking Monday's earnings off your weekly pay?"

"Why, as to advantage," replied the man, in rather a dogged tone, notwithstanding his friendliness, "I can't say for that, for I've thought nowt about it. It seems natural like to have Monday; and when we work like brutes five days out o' the seven it's hard to grudge we a bit of a rest."

"I should be the last person to grudge rest to a working man," replied Mr. Norman, "and I am sure those who work in the mines or furnaces need a good supply; but no friend to that working man could willingly see him squandering, as most of you are doing, time so unspeakably precious."

"Why, what would you have us do, master?" interposed a pert-looking little fellow, very dirty but evidently very proud of a small light moustache lately seen above the surface. "We can't go to church on Mondays, anyhow; three times the day before is enough for that sort o' work." Here he jogged his neighbour's elbow, and there was some laughter among his fellows.

"If you went to church even once the day before," said the inspector, looking sternly at him, "you would learn that every wasted hour and every wasted day will have to be answered for; and that for every idle word that men shall speak, they must give account thereof in the day of judgment. How does that doctrine suit your present way of life?"

"It suits me uncommon bad, for one," observed the man who had first spoken; but the man with the sandy beard kicked his boots together in token of defiance, and he of the light moustache made a feint of going to sleep—not one of the group had risen.

Mr. Rivers and the inspector were now the centre of

a little crowd who had collected round, evidently hoping that some fun was in store for them. "What's their business?" again inquired one, "What's it all about?"

"Why, they're the temperance folk," was the ready answer, "come by the last train from Gunstaple."

"Then they may go back by the next, that's all; for I reckon they won't get none of we to take their nasty pledge."

"Take the pledge!" blustered out a more than half drunken man, who had reeled up to the scene of action. "Let me see the man who'd try and get a pledge out o' me; come on, then!"

"Come, you shut up, Tom," put in another; "you'd be none the worse for one, if you did take it, so hold your tongue."

"I'll not hold my tongue; I'll not shut up," he screamed, infuriated by this slight opposition; and, staggering up to where the two gentlemen were standing, he reiterated with passionate gesticulations, "Come on, then; let me see the man who'll make me take a pledge!"

"Get you to take the pledge—you!" repeated Mr. Norman contemptuously, and fixing on the poor wretch an eye beneath whose flash even he quailed. "Who in his senses would ask you to take it with any hope of its being kept afterwards? Do you think it's taking one pledge or another that does the business, eh, my men?" turning round to the assembled group; "do you think taking twenty pledges could ever make a man of such as him?"

There was a dead silence for a moment or two; then one or two voices murmured, "Well, no, we reckon it wouldn't."

"And why wouldn't it? why, simply because a man who hasn't strength enough to keep out of such a disgraceful condition as that, would have no strength to keep the pledge when he had taken it; a man who has no fear of God before his eyes, would have no fear of breaking the most solemn vows he could take upon himself. No, you must learn first to respect yourselves, to remember what your Maker intended you to be, and then your 'pledge,' if taken as in God's sight, and in dependence on his help, is more sure to be kept."

"That all sounds good sense," remarked the man whom Mr. Norman had first addressed, "but it's not what the teetotalers tell we."

"Take the pledge' they says, 'only take and keep it and the rest will come right after.'"

"Their wish is to put you on a right track, my friend," replied the inspector; "and if they could only tell you *how* to keep it, they would do so. But it must be a stronger power than your own that can do it. And he who takes the vow to keep from drink and breaks it, is in a more hopeless state than he was before, as perhaps some of you know by sad experience."

Mr. Rivers could have found in his heart to envy his companion the ease and self-possession with which he addressed his rugged audience, and the power which, with only a few words, he seemed to gain over them. When they at last turned away from the party he had been addressing, several of them said, "Good day, sir, and thank you; while one or two even touched their caps. Some of the loungers by the wall rose up and strolled off; but whether any real impression was made by what was said to them, who can determine?"

"Oh for a *Monday Institute*," said Mr. Norman, half laughingly to his companion as they left the town behind them—"something pleasant and useful, to be kept exclusively for their 'holiday,' something to furnish occupation for the minds at least of these poor degraded people."

Varieties.

WOMEN AND MEDICAL DEGREES.—At a recent meeting of the Senate of the University of London, the subject of admitting women to the degree of the University was raised by the petition of a young lady to be admitted as a candidate for a medical degree. As at present constituted, the University has no power to receive female candidates, and therefore only one answer could be given to that special application. It being in contemplation, however, to procure an amended charter for the University, there was a good opportunity of recommending to the Crown an alteration in this particular point. Accordingly, at a subsequent meeting of the senate, the Vice-Chancellor, (Mr. George Grote, the historian of Greece,) moved a resolution as follows:—"That the Senate will endeavour, as far as their powers reach, to obtain a modification of the charter, rendering female students admissible to the degrees and honours of the University of London, on the same conditions of examination as male students, but not rendering them admissible to become members of Convocation." There voted with Mr. Grote the following members of Senate:—Dr. Foster, Chairman of the Convocation; Mr. Robert Lowe, M.P., Vice-President of the Privy Council; Mr. Paget; Sir Edward Ryan; Dr. Roget; Mr. Senior, the well-known political economist; Lord Stanley; and Mr. Twistleton. The noes were—the Chancellor (Lord Granville); Lord Overstone; Dr. Arnott; Dr. Billing; Mr. Faraday; Dr. Gull; Mr. Jessel; Mr. Kiernan, surgeon; Mr. Oslar; Dr. Storrar—five out of the ten being medical men. The motion was accordingly lost.

BAD HABITS RENOUNCED.—Be not too slow in the breaking of a sinful custom; a quick, courageous resolution is better than a gradual deliberation. In such a combat, he is the bravest soldier that lays about him without fear or wit: wit pleads—fear disheartens. He that would kill Hydra had better strike off one neck than five heads; fell the tree, and the branches are soon cut off.—*Quarles*.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DESIRE.—Do you ask me, where be my jewels? My jewels are my husband and his triumphs, said Phocion's wife. Do you ask me, where be my ornaments? My ornaments are my two sons, brought up in virtue and learning, said the mother of the Gracchi. Do you ask me, where be my treasures? My treasures are my friends, said Constantius, the father of Constantine. But ask a child of God where be his jewels—his treasures—his ornaments—his comfort—his delight—and the joy of his soul? he will answer, with that martyr, "None but Christ—none but Christ; Christ is all in all unto me."

A GENEROUS LANDLORD.—Mr. Howitt gives the following interesting anecdote of the late Duke of Portland:—"The Duke found that one of his tenants, a small farmer, was falling year after year into arrears of rent. The steward wished to know what was to be done. The Duke rode to the farm, saw that it was rapidly deteriorating, and the man, who was really an experienced and industrious farmer, totally unable to manage it through poverty. In fact, all that was on the farm was not enough to pay the arrears. 'John,' says the Duke, as the farmer came to meet him as he rode up to the house, 'I want to look over the farm a little.' As they went along, 'Really,' said he, 'everything is in a very bad case. This won't do. I see you are quite under it. All your stock and crops won't pay the rent in arrear. I will tell you what I must do. I must take the farm into my own hands. You shall look after it for me, and I will pay your wages.' Of course there was no saying nay—the poor man bowed assent. Presently there came a reinforcement of stock, then loads of manure, at the proper time seed, and wood from the plantations for repairing gates and buildings. The Duke rode over frequently. The man exerted himself, and seemed really quite relieved from a load of care by the change. Crops and stocks flourished, fences and outbuildings were put in good repair. In two or three rent-days it was seen by the steward's books that the farm was paying its way. The Duke on his next visit said:—"Well, John, I think the farm does very well now. We will change again. You shall be tenant again, and as you now have your head fairly above water, I hope you will be able to keep it there." The Duke then rode off at his usual rapid rate. The man stood in astonishment; but a happy fellow he was, when, on applying to the steward, he found that he was actually re-entered as tenant to the farm, just as it stood in its restored condition. I will venture to say, however, that the Duke was the happier man of the two."